May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what reſts?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteele,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly,-------not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No,
Vp ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't.

Then

Then trip him that his heele may kick at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ſtaies,
This phiſicke but prolongs thy ſickly daies. *Exit.*
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue,
Ham. Goe goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue,
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham, Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge,
You goe not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.
Polo, What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?